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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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To Little Dorothy.

(ON HER BIRTHDAY, MARCH 28, 1905.)

Dear little eyes, that lift to mine,
With light of love o'erflowing,
And mirrored in whose depths I see
Uncoloured trust there showing:
May they be quick to see the good,
The beautiful in knowing.

Dear little heart, that beats so warm,
So little known to sadness,
That knows naught yet of griefs to come
Nor what there is of badness:
That I could keep thee free from sin,
And wilt thee only gladness.

Dear little arms, that softly twine
Around my neck, caressing,
Dear rosy lips, so lovingly
Against my own now pressing:
How rich in happiness am I,
The right to you possessing!

J. S. L.

AN UNDERGROUND INTERVIEW

One morning in October, Harry Sanders, for seven months a reporter on the *Daily Enterprise*, was sent to write up the new city water-works for the next day's edition so that the subscribers, enjoying the first glasses of the fresh supply at their breakfast tables, might at the same time read how that supply had been brought to them.

A letter from the managing editor admitted him inside the grille at the water company's office, and secured him an introduction to George Atterbury, the supervising engineer.

Although barely forty, Atterbury was one of the leading water-works experts in the country. He was well built and athletic. His duties, being largely out-of-doors, kept him strong and healthy. When the reporter asked him for a half hour, he consulted his note-book.

"I haven't time to talk now," said he, "but perhaps a little later I can do better still. The first part of the evening I'm going to inspect a piece of the main line above Waterford station. How would you like to tramp with me through a half-mile of pipe? The gate at the lake will be lifted at seven, but we'll have a full hour before the water is due at the station. After we get back I'll be at your service until eight thirty; then I have an engagement."

Sanders welcomed the novelty of an underground interview with Atterbury. It would make good "copy."

Accordingly, at half past five that afternoon, just as the first drops of a southeast storm were falling, the newspaper man joined the engineer on an outward-bound electric car. After riding thirty minutes, they got off, and took a wood-path for the Waterford station, two miles away across country.

As they passed through a thick growth of young birches, a projecting branch caught in Atterbury's watch-chain, wrenching his watch violently from his pocket. He rescued it, and held it up to his ear.

"Hasn't jarred it a bit," said he. "It's going all right. Ticking away as steady as a clock. You couldn't hurt that watch if you threw it from the top of the Washington Monument. I dropped it face down once, and smashed the crystal to splinters; but it went on keeping time without varying a second."

The path now brought them to a deep, swollen brook. As the crossing plank had been washed away, they spent some time in finding a place shallow enough to ford. Once on the other side, they made quick progress, and soon the light from the station window appeared ahead. By this time the rain was coming down in good earnest; and Sanders rejoiced that shelter was near.

Before opening the door, Atterbury pulled out his watch, drew an electric lantern from his inner pocket and flashed the light upon his dial. The hands were together at twenty-seven minutes to seven.

"I've telephoned the lake to turn the water on at seven sharp, unless they hear from me to the contrary," said he. "I'm sure everything is all right, for Connors told me it was, and I've found every inch of the other eighteen miles just as he said it would be."

The two entered the station. After exchanging a few words with

the Swedish watchman, Atterbury informed him that he was going down into the pipe on a short tour of inspection.

"Water turned on at seven, sir," said the station man.

"I know it," replied the engineer. "We'll be out by that time."

The Swede lifted the round iron cover of a manhole in the center of the floor and dropped a short rope ladder through the opening. Atterbury descended first, disappearing into the gloom. Almost instantly, however, the bright light of his electric lantern shone below. Sanders climbed down after him, and found himself in a circular brick tunnel, about six feet high. Atterbury tramped off to the west, talking as he went.

It was cool and damp in the gigantic conduit. Water hung in drops upon the bricks overhead and trickled down the walls. Outside, Sanders knew that it must be raining heavily, yet no sound of the downpour reached them. Except for their voices and the scuffling of their feet, everything was deathly still. It was a novel experience for the descriptive phrases suggested by his surroundings.

Atterbury shot back abrupt sentences as he walked briskly on, flashing his electric lantern on the nicely fitted joints.

"Yes," exclaimed he, "it is an A 1 job! Six feet in diameter, lined with best red brick, set in a backing of concrete reinforced with metal. Connors' men have been in our employ a good many years, but I never saw them do a prettier piece of work than this. That's what it means to have experts. Every man a specialist in his line; that's my motto. No matter if it's only shoveling sand or digging with a pick."

His words came back in hollow, rumbling echoes to the Swede in the station. He inferred that Atterbury knew his own business best, and that he was simply going a short distance in the pipe. Nevertheless, he began to feel uneasy as the minutes passed, and still the two did not appear. He put his head down and listened. Far away he heard the murmur of their voices.

The stillness impressed the two men as they walked on.

"It may be a hundred years before another man's foot will tread these bricks," said Atterbury, musingly. "We had to work night and day to finish the job on time. My company would have been obliged to forfeit five hundred dollars for every twenty-four hours it was incomplete after twelve o'clock to-night."

He became silent. The pipe, which up to this point had been perfectly straight, here curved sharply to the left. The two rounded the turn, and Atterbury began talking again.

"This curve runs under Arlington Meadows. Here's where we cross the B. & N. roadbed. Hear that rumble! Train passing overhead. Must be a special. Next regular train is the express at quarter past seven. Now we're under the Kensington Drive. Here we tunneled right below General Smith's house. The water'll run here at the rate of ten miles an hour. Think of it! Thousands of gallons a minute piling through here in less than half an hour. Quiet enough now. Unhealthy place to be in then."

"Hark! What's that?" suddenly exclaimed the engineer, his voice rising almost to a shriek as he turned sharply on the reporter.

His practised ear had caught a distant murmur. Sanders listened, and heard it, too. From far up the pipe echoed a low, swelling sound, half-way between the rumble of a train and the monotone of the surf on a sandy beach.

Louder and louder it came, gathering in volume. The two looked at each other with startled faces. Atterbury's cheeks grew pale. He snatched his watch from his pocket, and flashing the lamp-bulb on the crystal, inspected it closely. A cry of alarm broke from his lips. The hands were still together at twenty-seven minutes to seven!

How long had it been since the watch stopped? At seven the gate at the lake was to have been lifted. Atterbury faced Sanders suddenly.

"Good heavens, man!" he cried.

"The water's not more than a mile or so away, and coming down like a race-horse! We've got to run for our lives! If we're not out of this pipe in less than five minutes, they will be fishing our bodies from the city reservoir early to-morrow morning."

No further words were spoken between the two imperiled men. They raced at the top of their speed toward the open manhole in the station a half-mile back.

The bricks beneath their feet were slippery. The air was close, and both were soon panting.

But it would not do to stop. It was a far different progress from their leisurely walk a few minutes before.

Sound carried far through that narrow pipe. As the engineer ran, he could trace in his mind the course of the flood from the time the water-gate at the lake was opened. He seemed to see its first yeasty, bubbling onrush into the black tunnel that had been two years preparing for its reception. He could see it foaming down the long grade through Litchman's Valley, and then swerving to the left to parallel the course of the river for three miles, until it swung back again, dove under Eyebright Hill, and came surging on beneath the meadows of Charing till it was nearly upon them. He seemed to see its spumy front, springing out of the darkness like a raging wild beast.

Nearer came the water. Louder grew the roar. It rang in their ear like the voice of doom. There was no hope, no mercy. The pipe shut them in with its smooth, pitiless bricks. The engineer's face was ghastly. He panted as he ran.

Sanders' foot slipped. Down he went in a sprawling heap, carried along for a short distance by his own impetus. The engineer stopped. In an instant his arms were under those of the reporter, and he helped him to his feet.

"Don't do that again!" he shouted, hoarsely. Again they ran on.

And now it was Atterbury's turn. He slipped and shot heavily forward. Sanders went into him full tilt, and was likewise capsized. The electric lamp was broken and extinguished by the catastrophe. Instantly the reporter was on his feet, ready to run on. But before he started he waited for the engineer. He could not see him in the darkness; but, even above the deepening sound of the flood, he heard a faint groan. He groped back and touched a heap of clothing. A wrenched tendon had made it impossible for the engineer to stand upright unaided. Both realized what that might mean. Atterbury shouted, "Go on! Never mind me!"

But Sanders picked him up in his strong arms, and half-carried, half-dragged him rapidly along the pipe. Ahead a faint light glimmered through the open manhole. Close behind burst the increasing roar of the torrent. Could the reporter make the distance in time?

The rope ladder dangled in the opening. Above, the pallid face of the Swede looked down. Sanders dragged Atterbury to the foot of the ladder. The engineer's hands clinched the rounds, and he went up like a practised athlete, barely touching his injured foot.

It was Sanders' turn now. Had he waited too long? There was no time to trifle with the rounds of hemp. Up he sprang, and caught the edge of the manhole with his fingers.

As he leaped he had a glimpse of a confused turmoil of water, a foamy torrent shooting out of the blackness to overwhelm him. Something caught at his feet with a rush and roar and dragged them irresistibly down. But the Swede and Atterbury seized him by the wrists and swung him up through the opening; and in a second he was lying on the floor above, trying to recover his breath, while the station man slammed down the cover of the manhole, and screwed it on to keep out the flood that threatened to burst through.

Brooklyn Guild Meetings.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P. M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

Southwestern Ohio.

DAYTON O., March 22.—The greatest and most successful event among the deaf circles ever held in Dayton, came off Saturday evening, March 18th. It was in the shape of a lecture and social entertainment, held under the auspices of the Dayton Division No. 8, of "The Fraternal Society of the Deaf." The following is from a local morning paper:

"Probably one of the most unusual social gatherings of the year, and one that gave every indication of being enjoyable to the participants, was held Saturday night at Miller's Hall, Main and Washington Streets. There were almost 100 persons there, ladies and gentlemen, young and old."

"A lecture on Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night' and a reception were a part of the program, but there wasn't one word spoken, for it was an assemblage of deaf-mutes. An interesting meeting it was indeed. Professor Albert Berg, a teacher, of Indianapolis, was the lecturer, and his audience consisted of deaf-mutes residing in Dayton, Cincinnati, Columbus, Springfield, and Richmond. It was the renewal of acquaintance that constituted the reception proper. Prof. Berg lectured primarily for the benefit of the Fraternal Society of the Deaf."

"A representative asked him the object of the society. 'The Fraternal Society of the Deaf was organized in 1899 and has a membership of about 200,' he wrote on a sheet of paper for his interrogator. Continuing, he stated: 'Considering the number of deaf men and women in this country, the men numbering about 10,000 of those above 21 years of age, the membership of 200 is large, but it is rapidly increasing. It is the first and only organization of the kind in the world, and it is therefore a slow matter in establishing confidence'

"I am here to give the lecture only, a reading of Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night.' This is purely a social evening, and I selected that subject with which to entertain."

"The committee that arranged for the meeting consisted of Ed I. Holyeross, Bert Wortman, C. H. Cory, Jr., Harry G. Augustus, Jackson Bates and Elmer Lewis."

The same paper in another

part contained the following: "The Dayton branch of the Fraternal Society for the Deaf was formed Saturday night, following the reading given by Prof. Albert Berg, of Indianapolis, at Miller's hall, Main and Washington Streets. The organization will be conducted as nearly as possible along the line of lodges of the hearing. 'A very impressive initiatory service is said to be embodied in the work. The Dayton branch was launched with a good membership and its success seems to be assured. The officers elected at the initial meeting are:

President—Bert Wortman.
Vice President—H. G. Augustus.
Secretary—Ed I. Holyeross.
Treasurer—Charles H. Cory, Jr.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Jackson Bates.

NOTES

The new society started with eight charter members, with more than \$35.00 in its treasury. A splendid starter!

Bro. Frank Reitman, of Springfield was the highest bidder for the delicious cake made and donated to the society by its warm supporter, Miss Clara Runck, to be auctioned off. The bidding began with twenty-five cents and went off at two dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Pershing, of Springfield, spent March 29th with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Van Doren at West Carrollton. All the above parties attended the entertainment, after which they took a traction car to West Carrollton.

Messrs. Fred Schwartz and Joseph Neutzing, of Columbus, represented the Advance Society at the Entertainment. Both made their presence very pleasant and agreeable to all who happened to be in company with them. Come again, Fred and Joe.

Among the interesting games at the Entertainment was a fish pond which was patronized by all. All articles were "fished" off in a short time. The Society made a good profit out of it.

That Prof. Albert Berg is a well-known story-teller is a fact. He told a good many "jaw-aching" stories during the entertainment after the lecture. His presence was highly pleasing to us all.

Coffee, ham sandwiches, cakes and pop corn were served after the lecture—served and waited on by Mesdames Holyeross, Cory, Wortman and Lewis.

Springfield sent the largest crowd to the Entertainment, there being twelve. Two of them are members of the Dayton Division. Next comes Cincinnati.

The residences of the members of Dayton Division were crowded with guests over Saturday night and Sunday morning. Every one departed for their homes, Sunday afternoon, or evening highly pleased with their treatment received while here.

There were about thirty deaf-mutes from Dayton in the attendance. Among those from abroad as far as we could remember are:

From Springfield—Mr. and Mrs. Pitzer, Mr. and Mrs. Pershing, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Swords, Mrs. Beam, Mr. Reitman, Mr. Mundry, Mr. Dunn.

From Cincinnati—Messrs. Bacheberle, Bov, Eikens, Norrish, Goldberg, Brecount, Felix and Miss Elherhorst.

From Columbus—Messrs. Schwartz, Neutzing and Grigsby, Mrs. Hahn, Misses Dresback, Bigam, Stocker and Adair.

From Richmond, Ind.—Messrs. Schultz, Mike Hoar and Woofter. From West Carrollton—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Van Doren, Miss Irene Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, of Waynesville; Mr. and Mrs. Miller, of Tippecanoe City; Warren Albert, of Brookville; Messrs. Goldman and Ritter, of Middletown; Messrs. Ebert Brothers, Beck and Melampy, of Miamisburg; Mr. and Mrs. Hines, Mr. Porter and Miss Mohler, of Jeffersonville; Mr. and Miss Riddle, of Piqua, and several others whose names we could not recollect.

The following bunch of items about the deaf appeared in the *Dayton Journal*, of March 24th:

Mrs. Banks Dakin, of Harveysburg was in town Saturday, and had her eyes examined by a well known local specialist.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rose, of Columbus, are the latest acquisitions to Dayton's population. Mr. Rose is connected with the Green, Green & Co.

Mrs. J. G. Miller departed for home in Tippecanoe City Wednesday, after a week's visit with the Lewis folks on Torrence Street. Her visit here was much appreciated by all who called on her.

Mrs. Maggie Holyeross, of Louis Street entertained her sister, Mrs. Vina Warwick, of Lebanon, nearly a week. Mrs. Warwick departed for home Wednesday.

Mrs. B. C. Wortman and children of Summit Avenue, expect to spend next week in Columbus.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Pershing, of Springfield, spent Sunday with the Van Doren folks at West Carrollton. All attended the entertainment of the Fraternal Society of the Deaf Saturday night.

Mr. J. R. Goldman, a well known florist of Middletown made a pleasant acquaintance with the local deaf last Saturday and Sunday. Though deaf, he is a successful florist and he makes orders for other places in large quantities.

The Dayton division of the Fraternal Society of the Deaf started with a good membership and also quite a large sum of money in its treasury. The entertainment given last Saturday was the largest and most successful ever held in Dayton among the deaf. Over 60 deaf people from other cities were in attendance.

It is with regret the announcement is made that Miss Carrie Lingle, of South Main Street, who has been sick with nervous prostration for more than a year, was taken to a well known hospital in Columbus last Saturday to be treated by a leading specialist. It is the earnest wish and sincere hope of all of Miss

Lingle's friends in Dayton that she will return home fully recovered.

Miss Kate Fox, who has been with her mother in Marysville for several weeks, is once more with us again to stay, having come here Saturday evening in time to attend the entertainment to the great surprise of all. Her coming is hailed with delight.

Superintendent J. W. Jones, of Columbus, was in Germantown one day last week on business.

Letters from Canton report that Mr. and Mrs. John Weekel, formerly of this city, are doing well over there. Mr. Weekel is a son of the well known citizen, Mr. Weekel, of Wayne Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Rion Hoel, of Waynesville were the guests of the Cory folks of East Fifth Street for several days, departing for home Monday. Mr. Hoel is the owner of the Kildere farm, one of the finest in the vicinity of Waynesville.

The next meeting of the Dayton division will be held April 15th.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

Mr. George T. Fisher, of West Seneca, N. Y., is on the sick list at this writing.

Mrs. Fred Browning and Mrs. Jessie Henry, of Silver Springs, N. Y., were in Warsaw shopping, the 18th.

"Old Shoe's" hens have begun to cackle, but what is more to the point, they have also resumed the business of laying. When they get moulted, generally in the early Fall, it would enable me to write up the article asked by Lady "MacP." Will it be time enough?

One of the deaf boarders, Mrs. Nellie Keelher, at Mrs. M. J. Leary's, celebrated her 30th birthday anniversary on the 25th. A few guests were present and the evening was agreeably spent in cards and in talking over "old time happenings." Mrs. Keelher received quite a number of presents. Refreshments were served at a late hour, after which the guests departed to their homes, wishing her many returns of the day.

Your scribe was informed by the Perry business men, that there was a mute, or perhaps an impostor, in town. He arrived lately, collecting money to go to school. He told them in writing that he had done one term in the Rochester school and had \$98.00 in the bank in Rochester. It would cost him \$125. He must be a "fake," your scribe thinks, as he had escaped him. Beware of the impostors in the future.

Perry deaf friends were pleased to hear that our esteemed friend, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, is on the road to prosperity for the Philadelphians, with the aid of Grace. They value him much, as he is an earnest worker among the deaf people who are in need. We had always been ministered to here by Rev. C. O. Dantzer for years, and appreciated him very much, but his successor, of Williamsport, Pa., has not come to minister to us. He is very welcome to come any time.

Mrs. Jacob H. Schmidt died in Batavia, N. Y., last week, after an illness of about three weeks, of pneumonia. She was born in Switzerland 65 years ago, but had lived in Batavia since 1866. She is survived by her husband and her sons, Henry J. and Hermann W. Schmidt, deaf-mute, and better known as Smith to the deaf friends of Batavia. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon, at two o'clock from the house. Mr. Schmidt has much sympathy from all Perry friends.

The Western New York friends were pleased to know that our friend, Bishop Walker, was married lately, to Miss Bertha B. Bach, of No. 44 East Eighteenth Street, New York. The wedding ceremony took place in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, and the Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter officiated. After their marriage the Bishop and his bride left for a journey to the west and to Cuba before returning. He made his fourth visitation at the Episcopal church in Perry last fall, and spoke of the work among the deaf-mutes and graphically described the effect of the gospel when preached to them, by their minister, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, in the sign language.

OLD SHOE.

Killed By A Train.

The following is from T. E. Childers of Troupe: "Saturday morning, March 4th, Madison M. Munn, who lived about four miles south of Troupe, near the I. & G. N. R. R., was run over and instantly killed by the southbound Cannon Ball train."

"It seems that he had been to Gould, about two miles down the track, and was returning home, walking up the track. He had his hat pulled low over his eyes and was looking at the ground. His face was to the train that killed him. There was a curve at the place and the engineer did not see him in time to stop the train before hitting him. He was picked up and carried on to Jacksonville, where he was prepared for burial."

"Madison was about 29 years old and left a wife and two babies, a mother, brother and several sisters. His wife and babies were visiting her parents near Craft at the time. The remains were brought to Troupe on the 11:35 train Saturday night. The funeral was held at the residence of his mother Sunday afternoon at one o'clock, after which they were carried to their last resting place in the city cemetery, followed by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends." —*Lone Star*, Mar. 15.

HOW THE CHINESE CAME TO WEAR THE QUEUE.

In ancient times, Manchuria was subject to China. The Prince of Manchuria once sent a Minister of State with ceremonial gifts, to play tribute to the Ruler of China.

The Chinese high officials, wishing to ridicule the Manchuria Minister of State, shaved off his hair, leaving only a queue. Then they put a long garment on him, which had an embroidered square of cloth in front and back, and having sleeves shaped like horse-hoofs.

They put a string of beads on him, a cap with a tassel, and black shoes. Then they said to him, "This is a very fine style, our Emperor wishes thus to reward you."

The Manchu Minister returned greatly delighted, and the Prince was also much pleased. He ordered all the men to shave their heads, and wear a queue.

The Manchus thought it very good form, but in reality, it was done to deride them. The Chinese looked on them as animals, and compared them to horses. The garment with the square of embroidery, back and front, was like a saddle, the string of beads hanging down, like the bridle reins; the sleeves pointed, and turned over, like a horse's hoof; the black shoes also resembled hoofs.

The cap with the tassel was like the horse's mane, while the queue was like its tail.

A man dressed in this style, down on his hands and knees, greatly resembles a horse, and it was with this idea in mind that the Chinese first so dressed the Manchu Minister.

Afterwards, when China came under the rule of Manchuria, all Chinese Mandarins were ordered to dress in this style, and the people were also to adopt it, all men being made to shave the head, leaving a braid only.

Thus the dress designed by the Chinese to deride the Manchus, the former were afterwards compelled to accept as their own ceremonial costume.—*The Daily Star*.

Agility of Insects.

There was a certain little fly that was observed to run three inches and make in doing it, 440 steps—all in one half a second of time. To equal this, in proportion to his size, a man would have to run at the rate of twenty miles a minute. The common flea leaps 200 times its own length. To show like agility a man six feet tall would have to leap a distance of 1,200 feet. The cheese mite is about one-quarter of an inch in length, yet it has been seen to take the tip of its tail in its mouth and then, letting go with a jerk, to leap out of a vessel six inches in depth. To equal this a man would have to jump out of a well from a depth of 144 feet.—*Sel.*

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1905.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One Copy, one year \$1.00
It not paid within six months. 1.50

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"He's true to God who's true to man :
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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Veteran Editor, Handicapped Always, to Rest at 95.

At the age of 95 years, Edmund Booth, probably the oldest newspaper editor in the United States, if not in the world, is seriously considering the advisability of retiring from active service.

Mr. Booth is editor and proprietor of the *Eureka*, of Anamosa, Iowa, which he has built up from an insignificant sheet to a journal of influence and considerable profit. Having accumulated a competence, his inclinations now turn toward the simple life not often found in the editor's chair.

For the better part of a century, Mr. Booth has been butting with fortune, although seriously handicapped by physical misfortune. He is blind in one eye and is as deaf as a post.

During his busy life he has been teacher, farmer, gold miner and editor, with considerable success attending his efforts along each line.

Life started inauspiciously for Mr. Booth. In his childhood home at Springfield, Mass., illness deprived him of hearing and the sight of one eye.

In order to secure an education under such disadvantages, he remained for some years at the Hartford, Conn., Asylum for Deaf and Dumb, where, after graduation, he taught for six years.

Here it was that, through romance, fate decided his future.

Among his pupils was Mary Ann Wolworth, a sweet little deaf-mute, whom he grew to love.

Being financially unable to support a wife, the young instructor determined to seek his fortune in the West. A year or so of farming in Iowa placed him in position to ask Miss Wolworth for her hand. She consented, and went West to join him.

Clergymen were few and far between at that time in Iowa, but civil magistrates were empowered to perform the marriage ceremony. So to a Justice of the Peace the loving couple betook themselves.

This particular justice was a type of the raw frontier legal arbitrator. He knew more about handling the pistols than he was stuck in his belt than he did about any ceremony in the prayer book.

Very likely no prayer book or ritual formed part of his office equipment. At any rate, he was at his wits' end how to proceed.

Fortunately for him and the young couple, Queen Victoria, of England, had been married only a short time before—this was in the winter of 1840—and the papers were filled with accounts of that royal event.

So the justice hunted up his newspaper, and with that in hand bravely read the marriage ceremony as he found it given there, ending with the same blessing that had been pronounced over Victoria and Albert by the Archbishop of Canterbury. When it was over he heaved a great sigh of relief.

Mr. Booth was one of the California pioneers, or "Forty-niners," having been caught in the mad rush to the Pacific slope for gold.

Five years he worked claims in the new El Dorado, now and then sending home a bag of gold. With this his wife shrewdly laid the foundation of his present fortune. She invested the money in land on the outskirts of Anamosa—her first venture amounting to \$100. Within a year the town started growing in that direction, and the land became valuable. The best of Anamosa is now located upon the tract.

Mrs. Booth's success brought her husband back from California, and, after purchasing a farm, he soon embarked in the newspaper field.

He had been writing for some time, and his articles had attracted considerable attention. When offered the Anamosa *Eureka*, he mortgaged the farm and obtained a

half interest in that paper. It was not long before he owned the entire property, and his vigorous methods attracted attention.

He was reporter, proofreader, typesetter and pressman. Having decided views in favor of the abolition of slavery, he stirred the political circles of Iowa quite a bit during the troubled times preceding the Civil War.

In addition to being an editor, Mr. Booth was an orator of ability and fervor, and won reputation as a stump speaker.

Rarely did he lose an opportunity to engage in debate, so strong were his convictions. Seeing a gang of men upon the street, apparently engaged in political discussion, the editor would not unusually pitch into the fray.

Possessed of a strong voice—not being able to hear, he never knew to what pitch he raised it in the excitement of controversy—his street debates always attracted large and interested crowds.

The debates, however, were generally one-sided, as he talked until he finished, not hearing the arguments of his opponents, or giving them opportunity to rejoin.

"During my life," he said recently, "I have made one eye do the work of two ears and two eyes, and it has been a faithful servant. I think it is nearly time now to give it a rest."

Mr. Booth has always been blessed with great strength and good health, but growing feebleness is now calling attention to his 95 years. Were it not for this fact, he would probably not think of retiring.—*Phila. North American*.

Idleness and Industry.

Idleness begets discontent, fosters muting and ends in crime. Indolence knows no real happiness and can never be truly blest. While on the other hand, work brings to the laborer, comfort, real happiness and sweet peace. He who would be truly happy must needs find employment. And be it remembered by those who labor long and diligently, that success may be achieved at last and receive its appropriate reward when a firm resolution and earnest application are made.

No one admires an idler. Busy people have no time to spend with him. He is shunned by all earnest minded workers. He becomes a target for the jester, the butt of ridicule and an object of contempt. Being so lowly estimated he is certain that his fellow-beings have no sympathy, no love for him, and reasons quite rightly when he concludes that he is ostracized, that his life is cut off from the living. His heretofore indifferent attitude now undergoes a change. Malice fills his mind, and revenge occupies his thoughts. So being left alone to devote himself to his vacant cause, Satan enters his brain, works it over and makes a devil's den of it. Ere long he is suspected of having formed a league with his satanic majesty and henceforth is regarded as a bad character, a menace to the community and a disgrace to the race.

Work is honorable. It is noble, and he who engages in respectable labor is a nobleman. Work has its origin in divinity. The Creator loved labor so much that he fashioned the universe in majestic loveliness, formed it with so much infinite wisdom and grace that it is the only example of perfection. His thoughts the while were pure, unselfish, loving. Having been loved into existence by this sacred force, the stars and planets obey. His will in performing their mysterious revolutions throughout distant realms of space.

So in the name of the first artificer, let us be diligent and interested in our pursuits, and let us try with all our native genius and skill at command to make our works excel in quality and beauty—make them models of perfection.—*William Merrill Golding*.

He Hammered It Out.

Years ago a vessel wrecked on one of the South Sea Islands, and the owners could not get their insurance because the account of the shipwreck was written in the chirography of the islanders, and could not be translated. The paper was even sent to the professors of Harvard and Yale, but they could not read it.

The owners heard of a remarkable young blacksmith in the city of Worcester, Mass.—Elihu Burritt—who was educating himself, who thought he could translate the account of the shipwreck. He did not know the dialect, but he set himself to work in dead earnest to do what the great college professors had failed to do. He did it, and the shipowners got their insurance. Here was a boy who had secured his education from books studied at the forge during his spare moments, and in his half holidays who had succeeded in doing what the learned professors thought impossible.

He succeeded because he had made every occasion a great occasion, as he could not tell when fate might be taking his measure for a larger place.—*Success*.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Make-Up of the Ball Team.

ONE WON, ONE LOST.

The Doings of a Week.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON D. C. March 27.—The grass is turning green, the trees are budding, the skies are bright and balmy, everybody is abandoning vests and oiling up their wheels. It seems almost too good to be true, but it's so, nevertheless—spring has come, and settled down this time. The only fly in the ointment is the proximity of the examinations, which will be upon us by the time this is printed. Everybody is grinding, or conscientiously trying to do so, and the harsh, grating sound fills the whole dormitory. It is pretty hard to stick to one's studies when everything is crying to you to come out and grow.

Baseball is thriving. The team has been practicing steadily all the week and is making marked improvement from day to day. It will need all the improvement it can make before its first match game, that scheduled for this coming Thursday, March 30th, with Villa Nova College, at Kendall Green. Meunier or Dillon will probably pitch in this game, with Matzner catching. The infield at present seems to be decided upon with Seeley at first base, O'Donnell at second, Captain Hunter at short, and Hartman at third. Cooper in left field, Hinch in center, and Leitch in right field, is the way the outfield looks just now, though Elder may displace one of this trio. Two practice games were played last week, the first one on Wednesday, with Central High School. The great improvement made by the team is manifest from the fact that the score was 7 to 5 against us as compared with that of our first game with this same team, which at that time made 18 to our measly 2. The most encouraging features of this game from a Gallaudet point of view aside from the general improvement shown, was Matzner's back-stopping and the batting of Leitch. Harper and O'Donnell pitched.

On Friday another practice game was played. This time it was with Eastern High School. They were not a very difficult proposition, and we won 9 to 5. Meunier pitched. Leitch made a magnificent one-handed catch, while on the run, of a long drive to deep right field. It was a very pretty play, and raised the roof. Do it again, Leitch, on Thursday!

The track men are working hard, and it will not be long before Captain Stevens can pick his fourth man and sub for the quartet which will represent us next month at the University of Pennsylvania's annual Relay Carnival. Manager Erd, '05, not long ago, received a notice from the U. of P. management informing him that Gallaudet had been moved up a few notches, and will run this year against teams from Johns Hopkins, Western Maryland, Washington and Jefferson, Western University of Pennsylvania, Villa Nova and George Washington—always supposing that this last named team does not back out, as G. W. U. teams have a way of doing.

On Friday evening the last of the Faculty lectures for the term was given by Mr. Allan B. Fay, who took as his subject, "John Paul Jones," and gave his audience an interesting and instructive historical talk.

On Saturday evening, a party of the Seniors, who have been attending Mr. Allison's lectures on engineering subjects, went down to the electric power house on the water-side to inspect, under his guidance, the large turbine steam-engine recently installed there. Afterwards they repaired to the theatre, and thus combined pleasure and profit.

On Friday afternoon, the co-eds of 1905 went to the National Museum to examine some geological specimens, under the tutelage of Dr. Ely.

Mr. and Mrs. Edington gave a party at their home Saturday evening, March 25th, which was attended from here by Miss Goldstein.

The startling intelligence has just spread throughout the east wing that Jerome, Miss Allen's pet alligator, has departed this life, crushed against the hot radiator by the lethal broom of his broken-hearted mistress. Its remains were tenderly interred by Miss Allen, aided by the sympathizing Miss Fritz. Confined in a candy-box, they laid him at rest just at the edge of the woods, where a patch of jonquils grow.

Professor and Mrs. Hall are rejoicing in the birth of a baby daughter, which took place last Saturday. Mrs. Mills, who has been a guest over on the east side for a week or so, left on Friday for New York.

Word has reached here that the June-bugs are on their way here.

Darn it! Where's the fly-netting? Here, ducky, run up and borrow a hammer somewhere.

Art's bridegroom, Roy C. Carpenter, '02, has been out here frequently of an evening this week. Likewise the ever-entertaining O'Stubbs Marshall, '04.

E. ROWSE, '05.

PITTSBURG, PA.

PITTSBURG, PA., March 26.—Everything comes favorably with warm, spring sunshine and gentle breezes. The flood that did unmercifully to business and home is over; the rivers are ebbing; millions of tons of coal moving down south; mills running; and thousands of idle men returning to work.

John Joyce is one of the hundreds, who happily return to Lockhart Steel Works, at McKees' Rocks. The sick get up, too. Elmer Havens is about. Eddie McDonald is free from McKees' Rocks hospital after three weeks' gastric fever.

Moving is noticeably the greatest of all Spring openings, as compared with those former years. Dr. James Burt moves to escape from the nuisance of the new Duquesne elevated railway that is building day and night. Miss Ada Curran's sisters, dressmakers, have to shake the dust off their hands on the old building, at corner Penn and Sixth Streets, which will come down for a grand skyscraper hotel to go up. They will take bigger quarters, not far from it. A Donaldson quits his studio in Dixon building. Edward Danahey's firm goes to Fourth Avenue. Miss Bracken, John Friend, Dan Moran, C. Reiser, and lots of others take new homes.

James Forbes is much elated, for he has secured the lease of a good, sized room on Diamond Street for five years to enlarge his lunch business. He has lots of boys to sell ten cent boxes of lunch at big factories and mills, such as Armstrong Cork Company, and East Pittsburgh Electric Company.

William Collins is enlarging his house on the front.

John McDonough is practicing baseball at Akron, O. He left his shoe shop in Charles Friant's charge. No sooner had Charles come from Johnstown and worked than orders were sent out to tear down the shop and all the houses on the same street and build new mills. Poor little Charles! He has to put the awls, hammers, etc., in storage and returns to Johnstown.

Mrs. Edward Danahey and son are sojourning with her mother at Alplive, Pa.

Mrs. James Taylor is away at Freedom, Pa.

Michael Kornblum has gone to Philadelphia for leisure.

Hardly had a month passed since John Smith's father's death when his mother unexpectedly followed the same, last Friday. She was sick with pneumonia.

Tom Trumbull is preparing to pay his Scotch relatives a surprise visit, who are all he has in the world. He left them and emigrated to McKeesport, where he has for years worked in National Tube Works.

Horace Button and Thomas King are telling everybody with great pleasure that they got \$2.60 each for just being witnesses at a trial in an Alderman's Office, although the case was awarded in favor of the other side.

James Magee is to marry Miss Julia Erickson, April 12th. Miss Erickson came from Tennessee to McKeesport. She and her sisters are employed in D. L. Clark's new confectionery skyscraper.

The writer puts ashes on his head and expresses sorrow for the error made about the date of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sawhill's anniversary of their marriage. It should be April 15th, instead of March 8th.

Wm. Shull is an enthusiastic bowler. He says he has not yet got "licked," and adds that he would like to organize a team and match with the other local teams.

The Deaf-Mute Guild organized with the following officers: Director, Rev. A. W. Arundel; President, E. Cowley, 1st Vice-President, Mrs. J. Taylor; 2d Vice-President, J. K. Forbes; Secretary, J. Dine; Treasurer, Miss Ida Helm. They had a pleasant social last Tuesday. Ping-Pong was a thing of the evening; all old and young of both sexes joined merrily in it. Coffee, angel's cake and sandwiches were another, too. President Cowley described the object of the Guild and said, "Welcome to one and all," and expected to have an entertainment, social, and literary, alternately, on the third Tuesday of every month.

The local branch of Gallaudet Alumni Association entertained the audience with a lecture on "Banks and Banking," by Prof. L. Roberts, and stories, by Samuel Nichols. As soon as the Alumni meeting adjourned the P. S. A. D. local branch held a special meeting. John Rolhouse, chairman of the hall committee, announced that he let the agreement for one year's use of Arnfeld Hall fall through, when the owner handed him the lease papers to sign, demanding an increase of rent. But he added that the hall will be had April 8th, as stated in the tickets for Dr. Patterson's lecture—and after it, no more.

He had tried a dozen halls and none suited the means of the branch or comfort of the members. Hunting for another hall is to continue.

Great pleasure was shown on everybody's face when Mr. Allabough said that \$800 out of the recent Bazaar proceeds helped, with the Philadelphia Fair proceeds, to cut the Home mortgage to \$700.

One of many very pleasant, if not the best, social gatherings of the Euchre Club, was held at Mr. and Mrs. Allabough's. It was arranged by the bachelors and old (?) maids. The host spoke highly of the gathering, and awarded a daintily painted china plate to Mrs. Davidson, winner; a handsome ebony box with shaving cup and razor to J. Taylor, winner; a tiny sparkling bottle of perfume to Miss Dederick, loser; and a small milk bottle to Col. Sawhill, loser.

"SOMEBODY."

A Test of Honesty.

The straightforward, honest man or boy feels insulted when his integrity is questioned—and with good reason. He is slow to distrust others and does not like to be distrusted. Here is a pretty and amusing story in illustration:

"Paper, sir? Evenin' paper?" The gentleman looked down curiously on the mite of humanity—the two-foot newsboy, and said with a smile:

"Can you change a quarter?"

"I can get it changed mighty quick," was the prompt reply.

"What paper do you want?"

"Star," said the gentleman.

"But," he added, hesitatingly.

"How do I know you will bring back the change?"

"You don't know it," replied the little fellow sharply.

"Then I must trust to your honesty?"

"That's about the size of it. Or,—hold on! Here's your security. There's thirty-four papers in this bundle. Ketch on to this!"

Before the gentleman could re-

monstrate, the boy had placed the bundle of newspapers in his arms and was off like flash.

The boy was gone perhaps three minutes, but during that time the gentleman was rendered completely miserable. A half-dozen of his acquaintances passed, and each one stopped to inquire if he had gone into the newspaper business, and how it paid, while the newsboys gathered around and jeered him, under the impression that he was an interloper. So he gave a sigh of relief when the boy returned and put twenty-four cents in his hand.

"I didn't run away, did I?" said the boy, with a cheerful grin.

"No," answered the man with a groan; "but if you hadn't returned in another minute, I would have run away."

"And cheated me out of ten cents?" demanded the boy indignantly.

But the gentleman did not stop to explain.—*The Boys' World*.

A Leap Without Looking

Representative Morrell of Pennsylvania, who has introduced a bill for the restoration of the canteen at army posts, said, *apropos* of this bill, the other day: "The abolition of the canteen would do good, it was thought, but there is ample proof that it has done harm."

"They who abolished the canteen acted too hastily. They leaped before they looked about. They were like the man who bought the birthday horn of the child next door."

"There was a certain child, a boy of six or seven years, who received a tin horn for a birthday gift. He made with this horn an insufferable din. Within a radius of fifty yards of him it was impossible to talk, or read, or sleep, or think."

"A neighbor, after two days of the turmoil, leaned over the fence as the boy, tooting with all his might, marched up and down the garden paths, and with a kindly smile he said:

"What a grand horn you have there, little boy."

"It certainly is grand," said the child.

"Would you be willing to sell it?" the man asked.

"No, sir. Not for a million dollars," said the boy.

"But the man took from his pocket 50 cents in bright, new nickels and pennies—a whole handful of glittering coin—and the lad's mind changed."

"Yes, I'll sell you the horn," he said. "Here it is. Now give me the money."

"The man surrendered the coin, and, getting the horn, carried it indoors and broke it over his knee."

"There," he said—"there, thank goodness, is the end of that nuisance."

"But, an hour later he heard next door a louder tooting than before. He looked over the fence. The boy marched about the garden, blowing on a horn much larger than his old one had been."

"Seeing the man, the boy waved the new instrument at him delightedly."

"These fifty-cent horns," he shouted, "make twice as much noise as the quarter-dollar ones."

PHILADELPHIA.

Elections at the Clerc Literary Association.

CHURCH MATTERS.

Weekly News Chronicle.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1338 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

As previously announced, the annual elections of the Clerc Literary Association took place last Thursday evening, 23d inst. Seventy members responded to roll-call. The election of officers for the ensuing year was the sole business of the meeting. The Rev. C. O. Dantzer, *ex officio* Chairman, presided, as the rules require. After prayer, he re-appointed Mr. William McKinney the Trustee of the Association for another term. The nominations for the presidency were then received, and only three members allowed their names to be presented, and Mr. Abram Frantz won on the first ballot. As Mr. Frantz is a comparatively new member, his election occasioned a good deal of surprise. His election, however, is allowable under the rules.

Mr. John A. Roach was elected First Vice-President, on the third ballot. The greatest competition centered about the Second Vice-Presidency, there being five competitors. On the second ballot, Mr. Edward D. Wilson got the office by a good majority.

Mr. Geo. T. Sanders was re-elected Secretary by acclamation, and Mr. Harry G. Gunkel, the Treasurer, and Miss Cora L. Ford, the Librarian, were also elected by acclamation. For Sergeant-at-Arms there were four competitors, Mr. Joseph Rodgers winning on the first ballot.

The new officers will be installed on the first Thursday in April, or, if prevented then, a special meeting for installation will be held as soon thereafter as convenient. Immediately after his installation, the new president will announce the standing committees.

Many the members look forward to a happy, profitable, and prosperous year for the association under the coming new administration!

The Philadelphia Branch, P. S. A. D., held its monthly meeting at Harrison Hall last Saturday evening, 25th inst. A fair attendance was present. Mr. Thomas Breen presided, and, after the business of the Branch was despatched, he called on Mr. F. W. Booth to give a lecture or address. Mr. Booth chose for his subject "The Japanese People," and talked very interestingly for about an hour.

The next meeting of the Branch will be held on April 29th, at the same place, and Mr. B. R. Allabough, of Pittsburgh, and President of the P. S. A. D., is expected to lecture or to give a reading. Mr. Allabough is so well-known, and such a clear and forcible sign-maker, that he will undoubtedly draw a crowd.

The *North American* of Sunday, March 26th, contained an interesting article on Mr. Edmund Booth, of Anamosa, Iowa, the veteran editor, and father of Mr. F. W. Booth of this city.

Contrary to expectations, the church room at All Souls' was not ready for use last Sunday, because the painting in the chancel past had not dried. The objectionable steps in the rear leading to the exits have been altered, thus removing all objection to them. We are assured on that the room will surely be ready for use next Sunday, April 2d. Holy Communion will be celebrated in the morning at 10.30 o'clock. No afternoon service on that day.

Mrs. Dantzer's mother, Mrs. Stephens, left Evansville, Ind., March 23d, for Chicago, Ill., to visit another daughter, Mrs. Shea, for a few months. Afterward, she will visit Mrs. Dantzer, who looks hopefully forward for the pleasure. Dewitt Stephens, a deaf brother, is keeping bachelor quarters at the old homestead in Evansville, in the meantime. He has now for many years been connected with the National Biscuit Company there. We wish Mrs. Dantzer a full realization of this happy meeting.

Mrs. Jennie Donohue was the only deaf-mute who attended the Philopatrian Ball, at the Academy of music, recently.

Sunday, March 19th, the monthly meeting of the Catholic Deaf Temperance Society was held in St. Joseph's College, 17th and Stiles Streets, Morris Lang presiding.

Mrs. Hogan, of New York, a member of St. Francis Xavier Club, was a visitor at the Catholic Mission, and made a short address at the Temperance Society meeting.

The weekly Lenten lecture which proved very interesting and instructive to the Catholic Deaf last year is not held this year, owing to the ill health of the Spiritual Director, Michael J. Ryan.

On March 5th, Mr. M. Sweeney gave an interesting lecture on St. Cecilia.

Mr. J. S. Reider spent last Wednesday, 23d, in and around Reading, to attend the funeral of an aunt. In the evening he made a short call on Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Eakins before train time, and returned the same day. He would have been pleased to see more Reading deaf, but his stay was necessarily short.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer conducted a service at Trenton, N. J., last Sunday evening.

Mrs. E. E. Roop and Cora L. Ford journeyed to Ocean City, last Saturday, returning on Sunday evening.

Mr. E. Kauffman's mother died on March 16th. He attended her funeral in Virginia, staying a week.

Mr. Reider piloted some relatives from Reading to the Navy Yard, where a favorable opportunity was had of inspecting the new cruiser Pennsylvania, on Sunday afternoon.

The child of Mr. and Mrs. James B. George will be baptized, at All Souls' Church, on Sunday morning. Mrs. Walton, who has a stroke of paralysis, has been removed to a hospital. Her condition is not very encouraging.

Mrs. Slifer will shortly move on Twenty-ninth Street, near Jefferson, with her sister.

TEN RULES FOR LONG LIFE.

First: Rise early, retire early, and fill your day with work.

Second: Water and bread maintain life; pure air and sunshine are indispensable to health; and do not worry.

Third: Frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity.

Fourth: Cleanliness prevents rust; the best-cared for machines last the longest.

Fifth: Enough sleep repairs waste and strengthens; too much sleep softens and enfeebles.

Sixth: To be sensibly dressed is to give freedom to one's movements and enough warmth to be protected from sudden changes of temperature.

Seventh: A clean and cheerful house makes a happy home.

Eighth: The mind is refreshed and invigorated by distractions and amusement; but abuse of them leads to dissipation, and dissipation to vice.

Ninth: Cheerfulness makes love of life, and love of life is half of health.

On the contrary, sadness and discouragement hasten old age.

Tenth: Do you gain your living by your intellect? Then do not allow your arms and legs to grow stiff. Do you earn bread by your pickaxe? Do not forget to cultivate your mind and to enlarge your thoughts.

To Hold It.

Thirty years ago in a poor school-house in a back district a boy at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the entire class.

"Go up head," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

The boy looked down his nose, and made no answer. But next day he did not miss a word in the spelling. The brighter scholars in the class knew every word in the lesson, hoping there might be a chance to get ahead. But there was not a single one. Dave stayed at the head. He had been an indifferent speller before, but now he knew every word.

"Dave, how do you get your lesson so well now?" said the master.

"I learn every word in the lesson, and get mother to hear them at night. Then I go over them every morning before I come to school. And I go over them again at my seat before the class is called up."

"Good boy, Dave!" said the master; "that's the way to have success. Always work that way, and you'll do."

NEW YORK.

The Wednesday Evening Bible Pictures.

TAYLOR'S MEASURE-MENT.

Items of Interest.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

The stereopticon lectures on the Bible held at St. Ann's Church Wednesday evening have been well attended. The illustrations are selected with great care, many being reproductions of famous paintings by such celebrated artists as Hoffman, Beale, Dore, Tissot and Gerome. Within the past two weeks, Mr. Keiser, who has charge of the lectures, has completed the lectures on the Old Testament. Events in the lives of the patriarchs, the conquest of Canaan, lives of the Kings of Israel, and the lives of Daniel, Elijah, Jeremiah and the other prophets. Interspersed were views of Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, and photographs of numerous localities in Palestine and other places connected with sacred history.

The lectures are worth double the price of admission charged. New Testament history will be taken up next week. The Acts of the Apostles with numerous views showing the manners and customs of the people of that period. On Wednesday April 12th, the work of the Foreign and Domestic Missionary Society will be shown embracing views from all parts of the world, and Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress. The proceeds of that evening will go to the funds of the Missionary Society.

Apart from their educational value, the pictures will appeal to all lovers of art. They are shown on a screen 12x12, every illustration being clearly and strongly projected by powerful lens. Tickets can be had of Mr. Keiser at St. Ann's Church.

In spite of the inclement weather last Tuesday evening, many of the deaf braved the elements, and were at St. Ann's Guild Room, to see Prof. William G. Jones, deliver a reading of "The Two Orphans," from 8.15 to almost eleven o'clock. Prof. Jones held the audience spell bound, by his vivid, dramatic portrayal of that famous piece. He was in rare form, surpassing all of his previous efforts. Every character was portrayed with wonderful skill, from the limp of the cripple Pierre, the saintliness of Sister Genevieve, the diabolical cunning Jacques, the pathetic character of Louise the blind orphan, the unselfish devotion of her sister Helene, all were assumed by him with a power and vividness that passes description. At its conclusion, Prof. Jones was warmly applauded. He will probably be asked to repeat the reading in the Guild Room at an early date.

The Necktie and Apron Social, set down for April 4th, has been postponed indefinitely, owing to the Lenten season. A lecture or reading will be substituted.

Bishop David H. Greer will be at St. Ann's Church, Sunday, May 14th, to administer Confirmation. A class is now being formed. All those who desire to be confirmed, should send in their names to Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, so that arrangements for the proper instruction of candidates can be made.

There are Litany services in St. Ann's Church every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, followed by a short sermon on the growth and spread of the Church, by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain. Services will also be held every evening during Holy Week, commencing Monday, April 17th. There will also be services at St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, on the evening of Good Friday, April 21st.

The services at St. Ann's Church on Palm Sunday, April 16th, and Easter Day, April 23d, will be of special interest. The programs for both these services are being arranged. At both, sermons, which will appeal especially to our deaf brethren, will be delivered, and the surprised choir will render appropriate hymns and the responsive parts of the service.

There was a large attendance at St. Ann's Church Sunday afternoon. Mr. John H. Keiser conducted the services and made an interesting address on "The Ordination of the Laity," dwelling on the spiritual strengthening from the rite of Confirmation. The vested choir, led by Miss Gertrude Turner, rendered the hymns and responsive parts of the service.

The choir goes to St. Matthew's Church some Sunday during Lent to render hymns in unison with the choir of St. Matthew's Church. This will be a most impressive illustration of the beauty and adaptability of the sign language.

Much has been written of Mr. Luther Taylor, the deaf-mute pitcher, who is a member of the New York Giants, but the following, taken from the New York American, which has been telegraphed from Little Rock, Ark., by one of its correspondents, will show that Luther is measured by his worth, and that he is now at his best. Deaf fans will no doubt delight in the news, and will flock to see him play when he returns to New York.

"I never saw a base runner steal third base on him." That was the peroration of an eulogy on perhaps the greatest mute baseball pitcher that the national game has ever known—Luther Taylor. The speaker was one of the champion Giants, who has played with Taylor for years and has had a chance to study the remarkable twirler, who has endeared himself to thousands of Manhattan Island fans by his consistent work at the slab.

In this connection the speaker said he had seen base runners pilfer the third cushion on other pitchers, who are possessed of the sense of hearing and other faculties that Nature deals out generally. "Taylor seems to have an intuitive sense when in the box and depends altogether on his keen vision for his own protection," continued his team-mate.

"It seems remarkable, I know, but that fellow knows what is going on behind his back as well as things that transpire where he can look directly at them. I believe he makes deductions from the actions of those in front of him, and in that way gets a line on what is transpiring in the rear. It is a mistake to think that Taylor does not hear at all.

"I have sat with him on the bench at the Polo Grounds for years, and he would often turn to me and say 'Toot, toot,' meaning that he had heard the whistle of an engine on the elevated railroad just outside the grounds. Vociferous and loud-continued applause is also heard faintly by him, but in spite of this one may say he is practically devoid of the sense of hearing. That is what makes his pitching all the more wonderful.

"I believe he is at his best when slightly riled over something. He is the life of the team on the road, but occasionally something transpires to cause him to become displeased, and then he shoots the ball through with the speed of the Royal Blue Flyer. He is to-day one of the greatest twirlers in the land.

Taylor is in great condition this Spring, and is doubtless destined to repeat his great record of 1904.

Last Thursday, at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, there was a debate upon the following postulate: "Resolved, that married life is dull." Two of the debaters selected, Messrs. Gomprecht and Ernst, failed to appear, so Messrs. E. Souweine and Charles Bothner, both married men, were assigned to the affirmative side, while two bachelors, Messrs. James B. Gass and Jacob Keiber, were delegated to uphold the merits of the negative side. There was a good attendance of members with a sprinkling of the fair sex, and all were amused and interested by turns at the arguments advanced. President Bachrach and Messrs. Frankenhelm and Hodgson, the previously appointed judges of the debate, brought in a verdict in favor of the negative side; so all hesitating bachelors and maids can now dispense with apprehension concerning married life—it is not dull.

Frank Forsythe told a couple of thrilling short stories in graphic signs, received due applause, and then the meeting adjourned.

Mr. Murray Campbell, of Mount Vernon, has a three-months-old full blooded English bull dog. This is the end of chapter I. The first night in the cozy residence of the Campbells, the dog made sleep miserable for all except Murray, who slept like a top. The next morning the stock of the full-blooded animal took a tumble, and he was simply a "dogg", and delegated to quarters in the barn, and life is once more worth living. This ends chapter II. Mr. Campbell in speaking of the dog's virtues says: "He'll eat anything, and is very fond of children."

Jacques Alexander, the artist, recently received a handsome enlarging camera from Mr. John Connelly, Jr., of California. The camera was made by Mr. Connelly, and shows a thorough understanding of optics, and the mechanical work is of the very best, showing a degree of skill little short of marvelous. The construction as it is embraces all the slides and attachments of the very finest class of this work. It shows Mr. Connelly is thoroughly versed in optics and is a mechanic of great skill.

Messrs. C. Q. Mann, W. W. Thomas and R. E. Maynard, have joined the Chess and Checker Club of the Hollywood Inn Club. A tournament is now in progress between the two dozen members to determine the relative playing strength of individuals, and afterwards tournaments will be arranged with outside organizations.

Mrs. C. Kelley, a daughter of the late Samuel C. Green, of Belleville, Canada, is living on the upper West Side of this city. She lost a child, from Spotted Fever, about three weeks ago. Miss Annie M. Perry, a deaf-mute woman, also from Canada, is employed by Mrs. Kelley.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society announce that they will hold a picnic at Roseville Park, on July 8th, 1905. The Committee are: John R. Newcomb (Chairman), John M. Black, John B. Ward, Charles Cascella and Morton Moses.

Herman Heerdt is now foreman in the office of the *Bronx Sentinel*. Besides the newspaper, there is considerable job work.

The household of Mr. and Mrs. Culmer Barnes was made joyous on Friday afternoon, March 24th, when the stork brought them a little baby girl.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Schloss, of Woodhaven, L. I., on Saturday, March 11th.

Mrs. Frank Stryker presented her husband with a baby boy, on Saturday, March 25th.

CHURCH NOTICES.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT, APRIL 2D, 1905.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 9:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M. Holy Communion.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., Bible Class, 2:30 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

Litany and short Sermon in St. Ann's Church, Friday, April 7th, 8 P.M. All deaf people cordially invited.

Lecture in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, April 4th. Free with welcome to all. Social postponed until after Lent.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, a 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at 8 P.M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., during the year, 1904-05, on the following Sundays:

| MAR. | APR. | MAY | JUNE |
|------|------|-----|------|
| 12 | 9 | 7 | 4 |
| 26 | 23 | 21 | 18 |

You are asked to show your Catholic faith by attending the Services regularly.

Sincerely yours,
REV. P. S. GILMORE.

Special Notice

The Ven. Samuel G. Babcock, Archdeacon of the Diocese of Massachusetts, will attend the service at the New England Home for deaf-mutes on Good Friday, April 21st, at 3 P.M. and preach.

All are invited to this service.
S. STANLEY SEARING,
Diocesan Missionary.

MEMORIES.

When you touch the strings, the music,
Like a prisoned bird set free,
Swells so sweetly and so grandly,
In some happy harmony,
Bringing back my boyhood's visions—
All the dreams of long ago
Are entwined within the music
Of your zither, soft and low.

At play, and on let the music,
Swelling from the vibrant strings,
Touch upon this heart of silence,
Where an echo faintly rings;
Let it loose the bonds of memory,
Let the soft notes of fancy flow
While the soft notes of your zither
Bring back dreams of long ago.
—JOHN HENRY KEISER.

OHIO.

Quite a Pleasant Birthday Celebration.

THE AID SOCIETY.

Maimed for Life.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The following, from the *Niles Daily News* of March 17th, will interest the West Virginia friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lepley:

Extraordinary in the extreme was the gathering at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lepley, on Heaton Avenue, last evening, in that both host and hostess and a number of their guests were deaf-mutes.

About twenty of their friends had responded to the invitation issued by Mrs. Lepley a few days ago, to help celebrate the 38th birthday of the host, the affair having been kept a secret from him. In some respects the evening's entertainment differed from the usual manner, but the ever popular flinch and cards were also on the program.

An elaborate three-course supper was served later by Mrs. Lepley, assisted by Mrs. Jerome Hall and Miss Osa Hall. The dining-room was daintily done in red and white crepe paper and beautiful red and white carnations; the latter also were given as favors. After supper the games of the evening were again indulged in until time for departure.

Mr. Lepley's guests included Mr. and Mrs. James N. Gilmore, of Warren; Mr. and Mrs. T. Feine, Misses Bridget and Katie McNally and Mr. David Jones, of Youngstown; Miss Carrie Brainard, of Warren; Mr. and Mrs. Clement Hayen, of New Castle, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Hall, Miss Osa Hall, Misses Nellie Smith, Alta Brown, Lulu Clark, Messrs. Walter and Will Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Lepley are graduates of the West Virginia School, having moved from Fairmont, W. Virginia, last October. Mr. Lepley holds a position as foreman of the Niles Printing and Publishing Company.

The Ladies' Aid Society held its regular meeting Thursday evening of last week. Miss Clara Winton was made an honorary member.

The Visiting Committee to the Home, Miss Biggam and Mesdames Neutzling and Mayer, reported the needs and they were ordered to be purchased. Among them a linoleum covering for the kitchen, provided a new floor is first laid.

Appropriate resolutions on the death of Mrs. A. H. Schory, who was long an active and faithful member of the society, were presented and unanimously adopted.

Sub-committees to have charge of the various booths at the Fall entertainment were announced by the president.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Craft, two weeks ago, moved to near Warren, O., and Frank will assist his father with the farm work. They have a nice baby boy, of whom they are very proud.

Miss Carrie Brainard is now living in Niles, O., where she has a good home with her guardian. She is engaged in dressmaking.

George Kilm came down from his home on time Wednesday, and the next afternoon was out at Neil Park with the rest of the team practicing. He brought along his seven-year-old mit and also a couple of new bats. As soon as the practice was over he made a bee line for the Institution, getting there just after school was out, and soon had a crowd around him. He looks in perfect trim. At present "The Great Southern" is his board-ing place, but after the season opens on the 19th ult, he will go back to his plain boarding place on the east side.

Wednesday afternoon Dr. Patterson received a telegram stating that if he desired to see his mother alive to come at once. He left on the first train for Church Hill, her home. It has not been learned at this writing if she still survives. She is nearly fourscore years old, and has been in feeble health for some time.

The mother of the late Mrs. A. H. Schory was here from Friday to Tuesday. On Monday afternoon Mrs. Schory's remains were placed in their last resting place in Green-lawn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Crumpton was admitted into the Home for Deaf last Saturday afternoon. She comes from S. Lebanon, Warren County. Her age is sixty-five. Her husband is dead and she has four daughters living in the State. Her maiden name was Kingsbury, and she was educated in the Indianapolis School, under Dr. McIntire. Prof. Vail, so she says, was one of her teachers.

New slate roof has been placed on the large brick building at the Home, the exterior walls repaired and the four chimneys replaced. Later on when the improvement fund will permit some of the rooms will be repaired and other improvements made.

The stock is in good condition and Superintendent Byers is getting ready for Spring work. At present he is feeding a herd of eight hogs, which he expects to sell later on. They are a nice lot and will bring in quite a sum. The inmates are all enjoying good health.

The following was published in the *Evening Dispatch*, Saturday:

ORRVILLE, O., March 18.—While assisting his father in cutting wood yesterday, John Zimmerly, a deaf and dumb lad, met with an accident that will maim him for life. Young Zimmerly was in the act of picking up a block of wood, when the axe in the hands of his parent descended, nearly severing the hand. The wound is a very serious one.

Governor Herrick, on Saturday, reappointed Hon. J. C. Morris, of Youngstown, O., Railroad Commissioner. He is a brother of Mrs. Maggie Morris Feine, of Youngstown.

The oldest son, Percy, of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rice, who has been working for the Columbus Street Car Company for some time, was compelled to lay off recently on account of serious illness. He is still under the doctor's care but improving slowly.

Rev. A. W. Mann will preach to the deaf of Columbus on the evening of April 7th, at Trinity Church. A cordial invitation is extended to all. The service begins at seven o'clock.

The reading given by Mr. Berg in Dayton last Saturday was well attended, especially from outside towns. A social was held afterwards. Those in attendance from Columbus were Mrs. Hahn, Misses Biggam, Adair, Stocker and Dresback, and Messrs. Neutzling, Schwartz and Basil Grigsby.

Miss Carrie Lingle, of Dayton, O., was placed in Mr. Carmel Hospital, this city, Saturday, and it is hoped the treatment there will restore her to health. She was accompanied here by her mother and aunt. On Monday, the two latter visited the institution and called upon friends.

Mrs. J. H. Showalter has been sick more or less since the reunion. Her friends hope that with the spring and summer weather, she will regain her strength.

March 25, '05. A. B. G.

The Sin of Worrying.

After all, the things that worry us most are the petty things of life and the things that never come. And if it were infidelity to doubt him in anything, surely it were doubly so in these. But not in any part of the program of the Christian's life, whether in the great duties or the small, is distrust or worry or fretfulness anything else but a sinful and infidel habit. And then of course, worry is sinful, because it is wasteful. Life is for work and blessed is the man who has his days and hours crowded to the full with it. But nothing will more quickly and completely destroy the buoyancy and efficiency necessary for the best work than will worry. Under the demoralizing spell of fretting and brooding, the brave heart grows cowardly, the strong will becomes flabby, and the vital energies collapse. If the time that is wasted in worry were the only loss, it would be serious enough, but the process is not only wasteful, it is enervating as well; it breaks down the strong fibre of a man's determination, it lessens his effectiveness on the high lines of achievement. And so we have the corollary of this truth—there is no antidote to worry like honest, earnest work. And if we fill our lives with this, there should be no room for vain regrets or sad forebodings. Worry robs our life of much of its attractiveness, and in that also lies its sin. The world needs the continual witness of our good cheer and hopefulness and trust, and we rob it of its right when we sit down in distress and faithfulness. We do not often think of it, perhaps, but the duty of winning men by our unwearied optimism and our unflinching front of hopefulness toward all that life has of trouble and difficulty and disappointment, is a very real and a very pressing duty. If my religious faith will not save me from fretfulness it has just that much less in it to commend it to my neighbor, and that is a serious enough matter indeed.—*Christian Guardian*.

The School Teacher's Creed.

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great to-morrow; that whatsoever the boy soweth the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book; in lessons taught, not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the schoolroom, in daily life, and in out-of-doors. I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do. I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises, and in the divine joy of living.—*Edwin Osgood Grover*.

CHICAGO.

Fine Stereopticon Exhibition.

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

Gleanings of the Week.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Stereopticon exhibition of "Ben Hur" came off as advertised in the JOURNAL. There was a big crowd present, and the pictures were very beautiful. The Committee of entertainment was greatly elated at the financial success but it is greatly regretted that they failed to secure the services of an expert interpreter, but Misses Pearl Howatt and Frances Scott, daughters of deaf parents, however, managed to interpret for the audience, by spelling on their fingers as fast as they could.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kingdon sold out their farm at a price with which they felt well satisfied, and came back to Chicago to live for the present. Their old friends were glad to have them back among them once more.

Some friends honored Mr. and Mrs. Heywood two weeks ago by celebrating their fifteenth wedding anniversary in a happy way, at their home.

Deaf-Mutes who peddle alphabet cards for a living, generally shirk from hard labor, and should be ducked in cold water, or "Oslorized." We have just heard of one in Quincy, who makes money in that way and spends it in saloons. The writer is an expert chloroformer of animals and will be pleased to have lazy deaf peddlers brought to him at any time except Sundays, free of charges.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dunn will move out to their farm at Fruit Port, Mich., about April 1st, to settle down.

Mrs. Alice Andrews expects to visit her brother, for two weeks, at LaFayette, Ind.

Thomas King and his wife have made up their minds to go to Utah soon, to start a Carriage Trimming Shop on his own hook.

Rev. A. W. Mann comes to Chicago again on Sunday, April 16th.

Mr. Cokelair has changed his business a good many times, and finally gone to La Porte, Ind., to do the work of a "farm hand" for the season.

Richard Dauks, who had been employed in the Automatic Electric factory for a year, sailed for his old home in England, with his family, without bidding any one "Good-bye."

On Monday afternoon, March 20th, Mrs. M. Graham's daughter and Miss Jacoba gave a most agreeable surprise party, in honor of Mrs. Graham's birthday. Sixty-eight candles were lighted on a large cake, on the dining table, around which eight guests were seated and partook of refreshments. Mrs. Graham never felt so happy in her life, and appreciated her friends' kindness greatly.

Mr. Springer, who boarded at Mr. Henry Fritz's house last winter, was operated upon in a hospital, for an abscess, a month ago, and is still suffering there.

Chas. T. Sullivan was operated upon in his throat, last week, for a little tumor, called "Rangula."

Louis Schaffner of Quincy, Ill., has been in the city for two weeks, seeking the position of a gas fitter, which he seems to have filled ably before he came.

The Epworth League will hold its monthly business meeting and social at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Buchan's, Friday evening, April 7th.

The friends of Miss Fanny Stein made her very happy last Sunday by presenting her with some elegant gifts for her birthday.

Fanny is Secretary of the North American Chapter of the Lodge of which she is a member, and in the welfare of which she is deeply interested.

There was a most lively debate on Dr. Osler's theory at the Pas-a-Pas Club rooms last night. The question was that of the usefulness of men of 40 years of age was limited and they should be disposed of by means of chloroform at 60. Messrs. Gibson and Ritchie took part on the affirmative side, and Messrs. Regensburg and Kleinhaus on the negative side. The arguments lasted over an hour and were extremely interesting and amusing.

Mrs. Bowes, Misses Baumann, and Peek who were selected by Mr. Frank, who presided, (Mrs. Sonnenborn being ill at home), decided on the Negative side.

Before the debate was started, Miss Thora Forberg rendered gracefully by signs, a song entitled "The little black eyed Rebel." Ice-cream and cake were served by Messrs. Schriver and Tate.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Buchan gave an Alumni party last Friday evening. The writer will plunge into full details for next week's issue as there is little time left before the last mail wagon comes. The party was given in memory of the anni-

versary of the birth of the late Dr. Gillett. The speeches made by the Alumnus are so interesting that the writer will attempt to describe in his next letter. "Chicago Chapter of the Illinois Alumni," was suggested by one of the ladies and voted enthusiastically by all who were present.

S. H. HOWARD.
5511 Washington Ave.

WEST VIRGINIA

News items should be sent to John C. Bremer, 3304 Jacob Street, Wheeling, West Virginia.

The *Wheeling Evening News* of the 20th inst., reported the following:

After the regular performance at police court Monday morning there was a concert that was not on the program. The regular part in six acts had been concluded in a manner satisfactory apparently, to the audience and everybody else, except the performers, when Humane Officer Burch suddenly appeared on the scene and announced that he had the material for a one-act play to round up the morning's enjoyment.

The play was called "The Deaf and Dumb Bell," and the hero, Harold Peyton, was ringing in the old bluff about being deficient in ear drums and other machinery, being neither a good listener or a good talker. Humane Officer Burch was visited by the man, who is an intelligent appearing young man, at his home in the East End, Monday morning, and becoming satisfied that the fellow was a fakir, took him to headquarters. He arrived with his quarry just as the court had adjourned and the mayor called an extraordinary session to consider the Peyton appropriation bill.

"What's your name?" queried Bilnotte, in that stentorian tone of voice for which he is so justly famous.

Peyton started and looked at the clerk, but then, remembering suddenly that he was deaf and dumb, took on again that pained and vacant look, and answered not. Mayor Schmidt repeated the question, adding volume to the voice, but the deaf and dumb man refused to be caught. He at last produced a pad and pencil, and by signs, invited the mayor to a stunt in penmanship. The mayor declined, and put some more questions verbally. But it was all a monologue, Peyton watching every point and successfully skirting the abyss. The mayor ended it making it \$5 and costs.

"I'd better write it out for him, hadn't I?" queried Bilnotte, referring to the sentence. "Ah, he heard it well enough," responded the mayor. And so the alleged deaf and dumb man took his pencil and pad and his pained, vacant look and ambled cellward.

Mrs. Holdridge Chidester, of Romney, is in Walkerton, Va., visiting her folks, and may take, on her return, a cousin, who has never seen a mountain.

Mr. Frederick Kupsky, who was in town Saturday last, has recently moved to a better house on a hill at Benwood.

The Ohio River here reached a stage of 43 feet 7 inches last Wednesday night, and continued on a steady decline all through the next day. From what could be learned, there was considerable suffering among the deaf, who are located along the river as the water came up rather speedily around their homes. The water reached almost to the second floor in some of the dwellings. Some household articles had to be left to the mercy of the flood. The artificial and natural gases gave out, the water filling the pipes, and as a result there was a demand for lamps and candles. The flood in mills caused the idleness of deaf workmen for several days. While the flood was not a welcome visitor to them, it is turned into a real jollification when it arrives. One would imagine that they were in Venice, Italy, judging by the many boats running through the streets. As rapidly as the flood abated, the dwellers cleaned up and arranged things to rights.

The favorite dog of Mr. William C. Seamon had one of its legs crushed by a City Railway Company trolley-car in front of his home on Twenty-ninth Street, Friday morning last, causing the poor dog much pain, so that he had to take it down the river, and get some one to shoot it.

What a strange, but exact prediction, made by correspondence with the reporter in 1897, shortly after he left school at Romney, that he would be married to Miss Lucy Kyle McAdams in 1905. The business of a marriage-prophet would perhaps suit him.

On account of the flood, a ribbon-party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Littleton, over the river, has been postponed till the 1st of April. A big delegation of Wheeling deaf will take in it.

J. C. B.
March 26, '05.

Bullets that fail to penetrate pasteboard three inches in thickness will pass through a five-inch plank.

FANWOOD.

Stories and Dialogue by the Sixth Grade.

BASE BALL COMMENTS.

A Week's Happenings.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The members of the Sixth Female Grade, composed of eight girls, entertained the members of the Fanwood Literary Association with an interesting programme, on Saturday last, in the chapel. Seven readings and one dialogue were the treat served, each being intently watched by all. The grade certainly took the palm in giving the largest number of readings at one meeting. The readings were given in the following order: "The Good Brother," by Miss C. Lewis; "A Winter in St. Petersburg," by Miss G. Maloney; "A Tale of Terror," by Miss E. Thorman; "Nat's Aunt Jones," by Miss S. Koplowitz; "A Boy's Lesson," by Miss E. Lloyd; "Blind Elsa," by Miss H. Berg. The dialogue entitled "The Examination," was amusing by the quizzing resorted to by the village schoolmarm. At the conclusion of the programme, Dr. Fox gave the leading events of the week, and then the meeting adjourned.

The baseball game scheduled to take place on last Saturday between our Regulars and the Brooklyn High School, has been postponed to another date. The inclement weather is the reason given.

Apocryphal our regular baseball team, something must be said. Nearly every afternoon in the week between the hours of four and five o'clock, they have practice games with the Reserves, so that they may be prepared to meet outside teams. The Regulars suffered a serious drain of its best players by graduation, consisting of Westlake, Girsch, Drake and Tompetto, and consequently we are obliged to pick several of the Reserve teams' best players to fill their vacancy. The Regulars of last year's team remaining are Birk, McAllister, Lux, Cook, Linder, Tanzas and Barry. The loss has not dampened our hopes in the least, but more hope still remains wherein we may pave the way to victory. The positions of the players have not been decided up to the present time. The aspirants for new places in the regular team are Cole, Robinson, Nimmo, Rosenberg and Lovitch. Under the skilful coaching of Captain Birk, the team is expected to show some improvement over that of last year's team.

The circus has come to town! Cadets Travers, Heil, Schatzkin, Ellison and Henke, went to see Barnum and Bailey's Circus, at Madison Square Garden, on Saturday afternoon last.

Cadet Alfred Barry has the opportunity of seeing his brother nearly every day in the week, as the latter is manager of a real estate office several blocks distant from the Institution.

Adjutant Albert Dempsey has shown unusual interest in Dr. Wiley's reports on food analysis, hence we see him computing the food value of hash in the number of calories, phosphates, carbohydrates, etc. His pessimistic opinion is that he agrees with Carlyle, who uttered himself as being "the miserable owner of a diabolical arrangement called the stomach." Probably our friends cheerfully estimation of worldly things is mainly derived from an every-day diet of pie, eggs and all the delicious things that the culinary art can supply.

The weather here has been such as to make the optimist give vent to his feelings.

Cadets Zeiss and Scandal were at the Eden Musee on Saturday last.

In the long list of deaf-mute singers here, Cadet Emil Clere is certainly the sweetest singer ever heard.

The work on the macadamized road on Fort Washington Avenue is progressing rapidly. Its completion will be marked by the overhauling of bicycles, and soon the road will look like a miniature bicycle track. A wheel club will be formed, should the pupils bring many bicycles.

Miss E. T. Green, a member of the teaching staff, was called away from school to attend the funeral of her aunt. She has our heartfelt sympathy in her loss.

Drilling was begun on Monday morning last.

Misses Haumer, Thurber and Smith are on the sick list. After a winter record of perfect attendance comes this break. We hope they will soon recover.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brownell desire the presence of their many friends at the Fiftieth Anniversary of their marriage, to be held at their home, April 10, 1905.

ADDIE M. BURCH.
West Cambridge, N. Y.

BUFFALO.

March 17—St. Patrick's Day—De Sales Literary Society did not forget this particular day, and so celebrated it by giving an Apron and Necktie Social, at their old school on Edward Street. Miss Rose Barth and Mr. Moynihan captured handsome prizes, for the most original apron the former had, and the most money put in the bag by the latter. These prizes were a very fine hatpin and a pretty watch fob. Chattering and playing cards were the usual amusements, and were followed by refreshments of ice cream and cake. Each plate was adorned with green sticks of candy and a tiny clay pipe, which delighted every body present. Messrs. Knittell and Helmer entertained the audience with "Dear Harp of My Country," and "St. Patrick's Day,"—both poems.

March 24th, Indoor Picnic.—Never was a picnic so delightful as this was, when it was held in St. Paul's Parish House. Ladies very kindly brought boxes of tempting lunch, enough for two.

After conversation was carried on for half an hour or so, games of oranges and apples, very amusing to all, were indulged in, by the majority Mr. Moynihan won the first prize for running with an orange on a spoon, and Mr. Wheldon was awarded with a prize for beating the other in eating an apple. Each man, being blindfolded, took one of the various boxes, all in a heap on the table, and escorted the lady whose name was found in the box to a seat, and shared the contents of their box together. Much fun was derived out of this novel game, and coffee was served to all, which added to the enjoyment of their dainty lunches.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Cohen, recently married in New York City, were with us at the picnic, and amused us with a cake walk. Mrs. Weil and Miss Carroll followed the couple with another, similar.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Cohen, of New York City, spent the greater part of the week in Buffalo, on their honeymoon trip. Mr. and Mrs. Weil, Miss Carroll, and Miss MacPhail, a former classmate of Mr. Cohen, in Fanwood School, entertained the happy couple, at their homes, by turns, and were sorry when they had to go back to New York City, where Mr. Cohen has a responsible business to look after.

During their stay in Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Cohen stopped at Lafayette Hotel, the most swell hotel in the city. We all who had the pleasure of meeting them. Wish them every happiness and prosperity that earth can afford.

Tickets, now on sale, announce the following: "La Tosca"—Tableaux Theatrical, given by the Clerc Society, at St. Paul's Parish House 128 Pearl Street, on Friday evening, April 18th, 1905, at eight o'clock sharp. Admission, adults, twenty-five cents; and children, ten cents. This play is being rehearsed every Tuesday and Friday, and it seems safe to say that the audience will not be disappointed.

Rev. F. C. Smielau preached in Trinity Chapel, Sunday evening, March 26th.

The dog show, lasting from the 21st to the 24th, drew the biggest crowd Buffalo has seen in a long time, not to say about the great Automobile Show which preceded it. It was a great success, especially financially.

The Clerc Society will give another literary meeting on April 14th.

Ye scribe has noticed many times that the Clerc Society was simply taken as a literary society. No; it is not only that, but also a benevolent society, and a social society. We have a fund, ready to help the sick, and the poor, and a committee to look after such cases when required.

Please remember, explicitly, that this society has three main objects—the Literary, the Benevolent and the Social.

Everybody is welcome to attend our meetings. Come one, come all.

A. L. MACP.

Rev. F. C. Smielau's Appointments for April.

- 1—Silver Springs, Pa., 3 P.M.
- 2—Columbia, 8 P.M.
- 3—Lancaster, 9:30 A.M. Holy Communion.
- 4—Lancaster, 10:15 A.M. Morning Prayer and Sermon.
- 5—York, 9:30 P.M.
- 6—Lock Haven, 8 P.M.
- 7—Williamsport, 8 P.M.
- 8—Carlisle, 9 A.M. Holy Communion.
- 9—Steelton, 8 P.M.
- 10—Lebanon, 7:30 P.M.
- 11—Bellefonte, 7:30 P.M.
- 12—Gallitzin, 8 P.M.
- 13—Altoona, 8 P.M.
- 14—Nicholson, 8 P.M.
- 15—Binghamton, N. Y., 8 P.M. Lecture.
- 16—Binghamton, 10:30 A.M.
- 17—Scranton, 4 P.M.
- 18—Wilkes Barre, 8 P.M.
- 19—Marquette, 8 P.M.
- 20—Maundy Thursday, 8 P.M., Williamsport. Holy Communion.
- 21—Good Friday, 8 P.M., Williamsport.
- 22—Best.
- 23—Easter Day, 8 A.M., Easton. Holy Communion.
- 24—Allentown, 10:30 A.M. Confirmation.
- 25—Allentown, 2:30 P.M. Holy Communion.
- 26—Reading, 7:30 P.M. Holy Communion.
- 27—Easter Monday, 8 P.M., Watkins, N. Y.
- 28—Easter Tuesday, 8 P.M., Jamestown, N. Y.
- 29—Silver Springs, N. Y., 8 P.M.
- 30—Rochester, N. Y.
- 31—Geneva, N. Y., 8 P.M.
- 32—Rochester, N. Y., 11 A.M. Holy Communion.
- 33—Buffalo, N. Y., 7 P.M.

Address: REV. FRANKLIN C. SMIELAU,
Box 324, Williamsport, Pa.

Virginia News.

The Goodson Gazette has been greatly improved recently. Mr. Euritt is a writer of ability, as well as an excellent teacher.

Rev. O. J. Whildin, missionary to the Deaf of the South, held service in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, a few Sundays ago.

Mr. James Crowl, a venerable printer, who was recently badly hurt by reckless driving in Staunton, is again at his post.

Prof. and Mrs. F. B. Yates, of the Arkansas Deaf-Mute Institute, were last week called to the bedside of Mrs. Yates' mother, who was seriously ill at Covington, Va.

What has become of "Ritter"? We should like to hear from him through THE JOURNAL, of which he was a valued correspondent.

Mr. Binkerton L. Winston, of Hanover County, is a guest at "Rugby," near Charlottesville, the home of his uncle, General Thomas L. Rosser, recently appointed Postmaster by President Roosevelt.

Mr. Fletcher Simmons, of Highland County, who is now "typo" on the Marlinton (W. Va.) Messenger, says he expects to get married next May, and that his intended bride is wealthy.

Mr. Arthur G. Tucker, of Richmond, an expert "ad" setter on the Daily Dispatch, and one of the brightest young men in the State, will probably build a residence, near that city, soon.

Mr. Jeff. D. Ambroselli, formerly of the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, who has been spending the winter with his family in Greene County, expects to leave for Colorado shortly, where he will be employed as baker for a large hotel.

The Daily Progress, owned by Mr. J. H. Lindsay, of Charlottesville, will soon don a new dress. Mr. Lindsay is the proud possessor of a big new Hoe cylinder press, a new folder, and "Simplex" typesetting machine. His brother, Frank, has purchased two very valuable lots in Charlottesville, and expects to build a residence about the first of April, to cost \$2,400.

X.

Colonial Theatre.

Travesties, such as made Weber & Field's famous, have found a new home in the Colonial Music Hall. "Leah Kessler," burlesquing Mrs. Fiske in her latest dramatic success, at the Manhattan proved instantly successful with the better class of people in the Upper West Side. The travesty is refined, witty and amusing, following very closely the original play but turning serious tragic situations into laughable scenes. Miss Fenton, Mr. Ross, Edw. J. Connelly and Hugh Ford are cleverly imitating Mrs. Fiske, John Mason, Charles Cartwright and George Arliss respectively. Daisy Greene is the queen of the "cabbage pickers" who burlesques the "lettuce field," in a pretty scene.

The vaudeville bill for next week has many excellent features.

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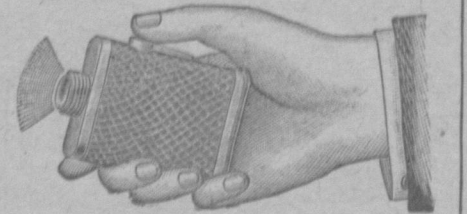
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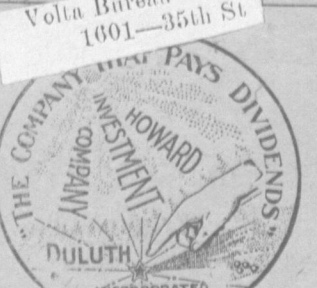
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